Boston, Feb. 4, 1837.

Dear sister Anna:

I can scarcely persuade myself that so many days have elapsed since I last wrote to Brooklyn. None of you will think, I am sure, that because you are out of sight, you are out of mind. How much is he to be pitied, who finds Time lagging upon his flight, as if his wings were leaden ones — and who counts hours as days, and days as weeks! It is no paradox for me to say, that the more burdened I am with cares, responsibilities and duties, the more gaily does life pass with me, and the swifter do my moments roll. I think I know, by experience, that "it is a good thing always to be zealously affected in a good cause," and that none need to be weary in well-doing. Blessed Savior! like thee, I feel it is both meat and drink to do the will of my Father who is in heaven. Be thou ever my light, joy, life, righteousness and peace! Crucified with thee to the world, I feel within the power of thy resurrection. I join with ransomed millions in shouting, "Worthy is the Lamb!"

A] The annual meeting of our State Society was held last week in this city, ... and of course I was altogether too much engrossed with its concerns to indulge in correspondence. Bro. George, having been present at the first meeting in the stable-loft, has no doubt given you all the particulars; and such as he has not been able to detail by his subsequent absence, you will find recorded at length in the last and in this week's Liberator. It will hardly be necessary to occupy this sheet on that subject. B] Suffice it to say, that we had five public meetings, four of them crowded to excess, without any disturbance, and that, in genuine abolition spirit and brotherly kindness, they exceeded all that have hitherto been held in Boston.] ... You can form but a faint idea of the life and glow which pervaded them all, by reading the speeches as reported in to-day's Liberator. One needed to be present

to realize all that transpired. The utmost kindness and cordiality were extended to me by all present, and every speaker was more or less profuse in his encomiums upon myself and the Liberator. Whenever my name was alluded to, a round of applause was sure to follow — which clearly demonstrated, not so much that any merit belongs to me, as that the meeting was deeply and thoroughly saturated with "Garrisonism." Indeed, there was a great deal too much said in my praise. If I did not know that I have nailed my natural vanity and love of human praise to the cross of Christ, such things would be likely to puff me up. But, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ, by whom I am crucified unto the world, and the world unto me." It cannot but cheer my heart to know that I have secured the approbation and love of the best people in the land, because it has naturally followed my advocacy of a righteous though unpopular cause; but mere human applause is in itself no evidence of personal worth.

At the State House, our meeting was thronged to excess. One of our daily papers estimates, that not less than five thousand persons went away, being unable to obtain admittance! — It was expected that our enemies would rally strongly on that occasion: but, as a test of the character and feelings of the audience, I will merely state, that when Ellis Gray Loring, in the course of his speech, bestowed a strong panegyric upon my name, a burst of applause followed from every part of the house. When it died away, a few hisses were heard in one of the galleries. These elicited another tremendous round of applause. Again a hiss was heard, and then followed another and still more powerful manifestation of enthusiastic approbation of my labors in the anti-slavery cause. — I mention this fact to show how vain have been the attempts of my enemies to make me odious even among my abolition brethren.

I will gratify Mrs. George, (for I suppose she is in Brooklyn, not having heard from him since the meeting,) to learn, that at the last meeting of our Society, on Friday forenoon of last week, about three hours were occupied in discussing the merits

of the Liberator and its editor. The Sabbath question was also taken up.] I dare not tell you, dear Anna, what fine things were said about me. To my surprise, notwithstanding that "delicate" subject, the Sabbath, was alluded to in connexion with my review of Dr. Beecher's speech, [there was but one feeling manifested towards me, and that of the most enthusiastic kind. What was peculiarly pleasing, was, to find men of various sects joining in one common panegyric. — Among the speakers were, Rev. Mr. Norris, Methodist; Isaac Winslow, Friend; Rev. Mr. Hall, Congregationalist; Rev. Mr. St Clair, Unitarian — &c. &c. Bro. May poured out his soul as usual, and said that the same ball which laid Garrison low, would carry him down also. Stanton spoke nobly and generously. Well, does bro. G. ask, what was done, as well as said? Something that will delight him! It was unanimously voted, that the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery should henceforth assume the responsibility of printing and editing the Liberator, and that the abolitionism of the Commonwealth should be pledged to sustain it. The paper, however, is not to be the organ of our Society, nor is any body to control my pen. This arrangement will relieve friend Knapp and myself of a heavy burden, which has long rested us to the earth. It is probable that we shall soon enlarge the paper.]

I find that I am, after all, occupying my sheets mainly with the details of the public meetings we have held. — A word, now, as to ourselves at home. We are all well. Dear E. J. Chace still kindly tarries with us — and it is not a little singular, that our sweet babe has not had a sick day since she came! He grows more and more beautiful and precious. Helen is also remarkably well, and in good spirits. She and Eliza attended several of our meetings. They desire me to tell in this letter how much they love you all, and wish to be remembered, &c. &c. but you know all about it. — I forgot to say, that bro. S. J. May introduced a resolution at our last meeting, respecting the death of Father and Henry, and attempted to make some remarks, but was so overcome with emotion, that he had to take his seat. Nearly all present were in tears.

Much love to all. In great haste,

Ever yours affectionately,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

P.S. We are all in consternation here respecting a dreadful rumor about Ray Potter.

Single.

Miss Anna E. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.